

## Thalos 164

### Chapter 164 - What Does It Mean to Be the “God of Fate”!

The new leader of the Tuatha Dé Danann, Lugh, knew that his choices were limited. He agreed without hesitation: "Fine! But if I win?"

Odin chuckled lightly. "You're all exhausted. My forces could crush you at any moment and launch the most brutal hunt across the island. But I respect heroes. If you defeat me, I'll lead the giant army to retreat and will not set foot on the Emerald Isle for one year."

This was not an equal duel.

Neither Lugh nor the Tuatha Dé Danann had any choice!

With grim expressions, the gods of the Tuatha Dé Danann watched their new leader walk toward the towering former divine retainer-turned-giant leader, Odin.

They had to put their faith in Lugh. After a full day of combat, almost all their mages were mentally exhausted, their mana circuits empty. The druids could no longer maintain their bear forms.

Even the gods themselves were running dry—the fleeting hope of victory had already drained them of all strength.

Their only hope now was Lugh, who was clearly more powerful in combat than [Silver Hand] Nuada.

Lugh's confidence came from one of the four great treasures of the Tuatha Dé Danann—the divine spear Brionac!

To call it a spear isn't entirely accurate, as its attribute is Light. But this weapon, whose name means "Piercer," was more like a living cursed weapon. It constantly thirsted for blood and could only be calmed by soaking in a poppy-based sleeping draught.

As battle drew near, no matter how far away the target, as long as Lugh could see it, the spear would roar and flash with light, tearing free of its sheath and flying straight at the enemy, unleashing slaughter tirelessly.

He slowly approached the chaos giant Odin, whose height tripled his own, squinting as he examined this once-vicious official. "Auston, is chaos really so worthwhile that you'd sacrifice your divinity just to become a chaos giant?"

Lugh stopped just short of calling Odin a traitor.

Muscles twitched across Odin's face as a profoundly complex expression surfaced. "You really are lucky. Always standing above others, lecturing on things you don't understand."

"If you're willing to return to the right path, the Tuatha Dé Danann will still accept you!" Lugh tested carefully, circling around the towering Odin. The god of light could sense it—Odin appeared to be an ordinary giant, but that was only on the surface. His inner being had long been reshaped by chaos into something Lugh couldn't comprehend.

Odin lifted his eyelids slightly. "That's why I say—you understand nothing."

Their conversation clearly took place on completely different wavelengths.

The situation gave Lugh no time for delay. He struck first.

Brionac did not resemble a traditional spear; it looked more like a fisherman's trident or a farmer's pitchfork, with pointed barbs.

When Lugh poured radiant light into it, the spearhead split into five beams of light, each arcing off in a different direction—five vibrant colors soaring toward Odin simultaneously.

This was why many Celtic myths and literary works gave it the nickname "The Five-Star Blast."

"You can't escape, Odin!" Lugh loudly declared the spear's divine power.

To be honest, no normal Fomorian giant could have withstood Lugh's spear.

But Odin was no Fomorian giant—he wasn't even a being native to this world!

Odin could safely claim that no one knew the properties of a homing divine spear better than he did.

If there's no escape, why run at all?

Choosing to stand firm and take the hit was, in itself, a perfect countermeasure!

What happened next left Lugh utterly stunned.

Brilliant golden light and purplish-blue lightning erupted from the spear's tip, piercing Odin's body completely and pinning the burly traitor giant to the ground like massive building stakes.

The final ray, meant to be the finishing blow, streaked across the beach like a colossal battering ram, slamming into the "gate" that was Odin's body.

In Lugh's mind, this strike should have instantly pierced and killed Odin.

But Odin's physical toughness was beyond anything Lugh could have imagined.

Odin merely raised his right hand, blocking the spear with his palm. As Brionac pierced his hand and lodged into the muscle of his left chest, his resilient pectorals, tightly spaced ribs, and specially reinforced heart combined to trap the divine spear in place.

All the light in the battlefield's center seemed frozen in place by Odin's invisible divine power.

Facing Lugh's horror-stricken expression was Odin's icy indifference.

"Not a bad cursed weapon. I like it. It's mine now!"

Brionac writhed violently, trying to extract itself from Odin's body, but Odin clenched his hand and, with help from the other, locked it in place.

The next moment, a raging storm of chaos erupted around Odin like a tornado. This furious force poured into Brionac like a flood, surging from all directions.

All color drained from Lugh's face—he had never imagined someone could publicly defile the Tuatha Dé Danann's sacred treasure and, by the looks of it, almost succeed.

"No—!" Lugh drew his sword and charged.

His sword Fragarach, "The Answerer," also had a homing attack feature. But Odin's strange body made him hesitate to rely on it again.

To Lugh's utter disbelief, just as he initiated his charge, Brionac had already fallen.

Before the eyes of all present, Odin calmly drew out the now-corrupted divine spear and hurled it with a casual flick.

"Whoosh!"

Five murky beams of light tore through Lugh, the new leader of the Tuatha Dé Danann.

In a single day, having lost their leader twice, the Tuatha Dé Danann completely collapsed.

Some cowards knelt and surrendered, while more broke their vows of allegiance and fled in panic.

"The Tuatha Dé Danann really are trash!" Odin snarled gleefully. With a wave of his hand, the chaos deep-sea giants behind him howled and charged forward, slaughtering the disintegrating Tuatha army.

For the Tuatha Dé Danann, this was truly the darkest day.

Three days later, news of their collapse spread throughout the Emerald Isles.

The newly crowned Chaos Giant King Odin issued a surrender proclamation to Ulster, Connacht, the Fianna Knights, King Arthur, and other powers: "The gods you worship, the Tuatha Dé Danann, have been utterly annihilated by my hand! If you do not wish your nations to become hell on earth, come to the Emerald Isle within a month and personally swear allegiance to me!"

The turn of events didn't just shock the will of the Celtic world—even the Aesir gods, who had been watching as bystanders, were stunned.

Was this really the Odin they knew?

How could a mere lingering soul create such upheaval in another world?

Understanding the truth behind it all, Hela whispered to her father Loki, "Why do I get the feeling His Majesty holds the divine authority of Fate?"

Loki's face twitched. "Even so, it's impossible to control the fate of another world!"